

ROSS GRAND DUKE TRENDS
"RED" TO REFORM GRE
Man Now Nearly 70 Years Old Had Romantic Courtship To
Secure Daughter of Postmaster As Bride; But Lived
Up To His Oath In Crisis.

LONDON, March 12.—As a young man he was a "hard case," and although the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantine is now nearly 70 he remains as unconventional as ever, says the author of "Famous Monarchical Marriages." If the Bolsheviks had not succeeded in capturing the reins of power he would have been given a high appointment under the Russian republic, but now he is living in retirement and there are very few persons who remember his exploits.

Nicholas was a rebel against the rank. To begin with, he strenuously objected to the narrow life he was compelled to live, and he could see no reason why a pretty girl or an intelligent man, no matter how lowly born, should not be admitted on equal terms to the houses of those of kingly birth.

But the grand duke overdid things and, incurring the displeasure of the czar, he was consigned to a remote part of the Russian empire and kept under close supervision there for a number of years.

For the first few years of Nicholas' exile from the palaces of court life Russia was fully occupied with foreign and domestic matters, and the delinquent was left practically unnoticed. Occasionally reports of his good conduct reached the czar, who merely expressed grim approval and turned to something else. But as year after year went by, and the grand duke was still apparently behaving himself, the emperor relaxed and decided to pardon and reinstate him.

But in the meantime something had happened, for while Russia was making history the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantine had taken certain steps which were to keep him apart from his family forever.

The nearest town to the gloomy old castle where he was confined was Tashkent, a deadly place consisting of a few score houses and huts and a population mainly lecherous and debased.

Meant To Be Loved.

Nicholas, after a good deal of trouble, found only one family worth visiting, that of the postmaster, who was a wizened fellow of 50, of the name of Alkoff. He had a pretty daughter, however, Katrina, the pearl of Tashkent. Her pure white skin and intelligent manner made her the belle of the country for miles around.

Of course Nicholas could not meet Katrina every day without falling in love with her. She was meant to be loved, and the girl, who was as clever as she was beautiful, needed none of the arts of the coquette to turn the head of the grand duke. He decided to ask Katrina to marry him.

The girl listened gravely to his proposal, and if she had not said "Yes," there was no sign of a refusal in her eloquent eyes. Nicholas knew that his love was returned.

"That night, at supper Alkoff leaned across the table and stared into Nicholas' pale face.

"You wish to marry our Katrina?" he asked, suddenly.

"With all my heart and soul," the prince exclaimed, and no one could doubt his sincerity.

SERBS MAY QUIT
SANDALS FOR OUR
REAL FOOTWEAR

Montenegrins May Change
Their Venerable Headgear
for Up-to-Date American
Hats—Ancient Caps Will Go

PETCH, Montenegro, March 6.—Americanization of the footwear of the Balkans within a few years may be one of the unexpected results of the war. The Serbian sandal or opanchi, of soft leather with a pointed toe, which Serbia was content to cling upon the allies for equipment, for only the stiff shoe, to which Western European and American armies have accustomed was available. Now, after having been habituated to the modern shoe, the Serbian soldier upon demobilization finds it difficult to return to the primitive sandal.

Supplies of old shoes gathered in America which were distributed recently by the American Red Cross were snatched up by the peasants with avidity. American business already has begun to exploit this new source of demand so that a few more years probably will see the Balkan peasant wearing American shoes.

The war has dealt the venerable headgear of the Montenegrin a telling blow. More than 600 years ago, in 1383, those Serbs who were driven to take refuge from the Turk in the mountains of Montenegro after the overthrow of the Serbian empire at the battle of Kosovo, adopted a cap which was intended to keep fresh in their minds forever a national consciousness. The cap still worn to this day is of black and bordered by a black band of mourning. The crown is a crimson red for the blood which was shed in the battle and embroidered about the edge are six gold-threaded circles for the six centuries which have elapsed since 1288.

Some now have discarded the cap for now that Montenegro and the Serbs have come into the glory which was theirs before Kosovo there seems to many of them to be no reason for the perpetuation of the sentiment which the cap was calculated to keep alive through the period of adversity of the nation.

OLEVER ALBERT.

Three-year-old Albert was tormenting the cat when it scratched him and he called it a bad name. His mother, overbearing what he had said, washed his mouth with soap and water. The next day the lad was teasing puss again and once more the cat scratched him. But Albert said, "You are the same kind of a cat you were yesterday."

Lift Off Corns!

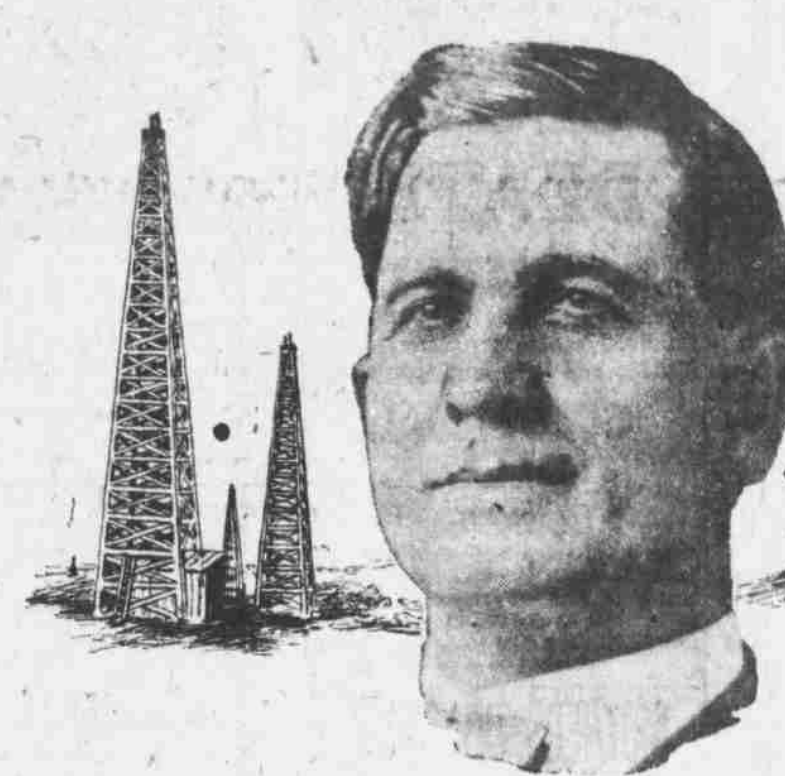
Doesn't hurt! Lift touchy corns and calluses right off with fingers

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon that old, bothersome corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift it right off, root and all, without pain or soreness.

Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and the hard skin calluses on bottom of feet lift right off—no bump!

Try bottles of "Freezone" at drug stores but a few cents at drug stores

Reelfoot Will Make Memphis
Great Oil Center



W. H. Newberry, Starting Life As a Cowboy, Makes Notable Success in Two Different Lines and Comes to Memphis as President of Reelfoot-Ranger Oil Co.

WEALTHY CATTLE AND OIL MAN
BELIEVES THERE'S OIL AT REELFOOT



Experienced and Successful
In the Oil Game, He Bases His
Opinion Not On His Own Judgment
Alone, But On Reports of
Geologists and Experienced
Drillers.

Residents of Memphis and West Tennessee know of the great oil developments in Texas and many of them have investments there. They have discussed the sensational fortunes made in oil by people in moderate circumstances.

They have heard that "prospecting" for oil is now going on at Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee. They know, too, in a general way what it means to a section for hundreds of miles around when oil is struck.

But the big fact today is that expert investigation and the judgment of shrewd, hard-headed business men is that oil will soon be found in abundance at Reelfoot Lake in West Tennessee.

If these men are right, these oil men, drillers, geologists and prominent Memphis business men, a great chapter is about to be written in Tennessee history. Men of proven, accurate judgment say Memphis is destined to become a great oil center.

THE VISION
OF A
PRACTICAL
MAN

Twenty years ago W. H. Newberry came from his Texas home to West Tennessee and remained for more than a year on a farm near Reelfoot Lake. Old settlers referred frequently to the explosions at Reelfoot, escaping of gas and scums of grease on the water near.

He went back to his Texas home and after a successful career as a cattleman, followed by seven years of plenty in the oil game, he remembered the stories told about Reelfoot, and employed Dr. Hugh Tucker, the most noted petroleum geologist of Texas, to come to Reelfoot and make scientific investigations.

The report of Dr. Tucker's stated that he found a wonderful geological structure and other indications of there being a great oil pool underneath the Reelfoot Lake country. Dr. Tucker strongly advised Mr. Newberry to proceed with his development plans. Accordingly, he spent a fortune in quietly securing leases on the structure designated by Dr. Tucker, covering 66 square miles of territory. After much careful planning the Reelfoot-Ranger Oil Company was organized with Mr. Newberry as president.

FROM THE CATTLE LANDS
TO THE OIL FIELDS

BY HAZEL MANLEY

Here is the true-life Westerner who isn't a bare-back rider only, but whose heart is as soft as the purple haze that envelopes the Sierras at twilight—that's W. H. Newberry. A man whose nature is true and tried, whose thoughts are as simple as the great outdoors, around which they are molded, and yet whose courage is as great as the mighty prairie. Prosperity is the test of human character, and only a mighty man can keep his poise when the waves surge around him. This big cowboy, like the skilled mariner, has steered his boat over rough waters.

When the West was young he grazed his cattle on the grassy plains, a loftiness of purpose defined in his vision and a dare-devil nerve portrayed in his action. When Texas got the oil fever, he was one of the first to run a high temperature, and with the same nerve that had herded his cattle into the bank vaults, young Newberry turned his back to the herds and galloped away to the oil fields. Again he set out on troubled waters; his bankers advised him to keep clear of the derriek, and one personal friend expressed the fear that a good cattleman would be spoiled.

As the pipes of hope sank deeper and deeper into the earth, the faith, nerve and dream of the cowboy must have been severely tried. But finally a bright day came and the plain gave up its liquid gold, which transformed the cowboy to the oil magnate. Nor was a good cattleman spoiled, for Mr. Newberry says now that the prettiest picture he ever saw is that of a rolling plain where a herd of cattle is feeding.

And now the cowboy-oil magnate has come to Tennessee, as a state official said, to repay the debt that Texas owes for Davy Crockett. His genuine honest-to-goodness smile, the glint of determination and fearless resolve in his eye, and the warm, cordial handshake of the cowboy constitutes a personality that is appreciated to the fullest by the Tennessean.

To Reelfoot he comes, to the hunting grounds of his Davy Crockett the same as ours, where soon we hope to see the melted gold gush forth, for we believe in Reelfoot Lake and we believe in Mr. Newberry.

sending to us a wizard from her oil fields to make our land flow with milk and honey and to put Tennessee in the list of the nation's richest commonwealths. My hat is off and my hand is out to this ambitious young Texan. May his drills never grow dull and may the coming generations of mallards at Reelfoot learn to roost on his derricks."

THE MEN
BEHIND
REELFOOT-
RANGER

Mr. W. H. Newberry, President of Fort Worth and Childress, Texas, is a man of large means and extensive experience in the oil business, having had to do during the past few years, with the drilling of 15 different wells, every one of which has produced oil. Mr. Newberry is giving practically his entire time to the operations of our company. A leading Memphis business man and director in our company states:

"I wish to say, that in my own way, and separate and apart from any manner in which Mr. W. H. Newberry has been investigated in Texas, I have carried on a private investigation, the result of which was submitted to me yesterday in manuscript form. It is most complimentary, and states that Mr. Newberry is a most successful and active trader and field man; that his integrity is unquestioned, that he has the reputation of paying all obligations when due and that his word is as good as his bond."

Mr. C. T. Bondurant, Vice-President of Hickman, Ky., cotton planter and dealer. He is a man of large means who has been remarkably successful during his business career.

Mr. B. A. Bogy, Vice-President, president of the B. A. Bogy Company, cotton converters, of Memphis.

Mr. W. E. Gage, Vice-President, member of the great cotton firm of W. A. Gage & Company, of Memphis.

Mr. A. E. Markham, Secretary-Treasurer, of Tiptonville, Tenn., largest land owner and planter in Lake County.

Full information will be furnished either in response to phone call, Main 6933 or by filling accompanying coupon.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

1920

Reelfoot-Ranger Oil Company,
119 Madison Ave., Lee Bldg.,
Memphis, Tenn.

Without obligation on my part to make an investment, I would like further information about your proposition.

Name

Address